To the WORSHIPFUL

RICHARD MEACOCK, Esq; MAYOR,

The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants

of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,

By their most obedient humble Servant,

JOHN COX.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of *All-Saints*, from the 21st of *December* 1787, to the 21st of *December* 1788; including Persons (in Number 10) buried from the *County-Infirmary*; the Meeting in *College-Lane*, 19; the Meeting on the Green, 1; and the Quakers' Burying-Ground, 1.

DISEASES in the Parish of *All-Saints*.

Abortive and Stilborn 4	Consumptions - 27	Fevers - - 14	Jaundice - - 1	Rupture - 1
Accidents - 3	Convulsions 1	Fits - - 21	Measles - - 4	Rheumatism - 1
Aged - - 13	Croop - - 4	Inflammations - 5	Mortification - 2	Small-Pox - 40
Asthma - - 2	Dropsy - - 9	Imposthume - 1	Palsy - - 1	Suddenly - 4

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old 47	Ten and Twenty - 10	Forty and Fifty - 17	Seventy and Eighty - 12
Between Two and Five 24	Twenty and Thirty - 11	Fifty and Sixty - 8	Eighty and Ninety - 2
Five and Ten - 6	Thirty and Forty - 10	Sixty and Seventy - 11	Ninety and an Hundred 0

The Ages of the other Parishes, not included.

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS. - -	52	55	107	73	65	138
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	20	11	31	23	25	48
St. GILES'S. - -	14	17	31	24	38	62
St. PETER'S. - -	2	3	5	6	4	10
At the Meeting in St. *Peter*'s Parish - - -				5	3	8
In the whole Town.	88	86	174	131	135	266
Births among the Dissenters, not included.	Increased - - 20			Increased - - 98		

Buried of the Small-Pox.—All-Saints, 40. St. Sepulchre's, 7. St. Giles's, 7. St. Peter's, 3. Meeting in St. Peter's Parish, 3.—Total 60.

Quod adest memento
Componere æquus; cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur. HORACE.

Improve the present Hour, for all beside
Is a mere Feather on a Torrent's Tide.

COULD I, from Heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage
To whom the rising Year shall prove his last,
As I can number in my punctual Page,
And Item down the Victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful Sheet,
On which the Press might stamp him next to die;
And, reading here his Sentence, how replete
With anxious Meaning Heav'n-ward turn his Eye!

Time, then, would seem more precious than the Joys
In which he sports away the Treasure now;
And Pray'r more seasonable than the Noise
Of Drunkards, or the Music-drawing Bow.

Then, doubtless, many a Trifler on the Brink
Of this World's hazardous and headlong Shore,
Forc'd to a Pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting Sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceiv'd! Could I, prophetic, say,
Who next is fated, and who next, to fall,
The Rest might then seem privileg'd to play;
But, naming *none*, the Voice now speaks to ALL.

Observe the dappled Foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny Glade—
One falls—the Rest wide-scatter'd with Affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest Shade.

Had we their Wisdom, should we, often warn'd,
Still need repeated Warnings, and at last,
A Thousand awful Admonitions scorn'd,
Die self-accus'd of Life all run to Waste?

Sad Waste! for which no After-Thrift atones:
The Grave admits no Cure of Guilt or Sin.
Dew-Drops may deck the Turf that hides the Bones,
But Tears of godly Grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye Living! By the Mouths be taught
Of all these Sepulchres, Instructors true,
That, soon or late, Death also is *your* Lot,
And the next op'ning Grave may yawn for *you*.

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